





"EXOTIQUE" . . . .

. . . dedicated to FASHIONS,  
FADS and FANCIES . . . .

No. 29

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## CONFESSIONS . . . .

### of A Male Corset - Wearer"

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I am a male and have been an enthusiastic corset wearer and very tight-lacer for about five years. Since becoming addicted to the practice of tight lacing, I have been greatly interested in the experiences of others, both male and female, and I thought my own life as a wasp-waisted individual might prove of interest to those who are now enjoying the practice themselves or are planning on entering a career of tight corsetting, either thru desire or necessity, as in my own case. So much has been written and said on the evils and discomfort of tight lacing and always by those who have never been laced into a stiff, tight corset that I believe a person who

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has had considerable experience and can speak with authority should do so.

A little over five years ago I was in a serious auto accident in which I sustained very severe injuries to my back. Two discs were slightly crushed and in addition, and by far the most serious, the muscles and ligaments were ripped and torn the full length from my shoulder blades to my hips. I was told that I must face the fact that I would have a very weak back for the rest of my life and that strenuous exercise or activities were forbidden because of the danger of additional injury and eventually permanent paralysis in my legs. I was told, too, that I must wear a surgical brace or corset at all times during my waking hours.

My brace was ordered by my doctor and upon its arrival I was strapped into it. Naturally it seemed rather tight and was most confining. It was a bit like a front lace corset with a clasp but with straps or tapes in place of laces to pull it tight. It was well boned and came up well toward the arm-pits and well down over the hips altho'

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the sides were cut rather short as there was no skirt to speak of. Perineal straps of soft material, extending thru the groin, were provided to hold it in place as it was most important that the brace be anchored firmly and securely.

I wore it faithfully for a couple of months but my back did not improve. I was in constant pain and worst of all my entire nervous system became upset. I was unable to work steadily and I couldn't sleep or eat properly. I really felt miserable. In addition, the perineal straps were most uncomfortable and impossible to wear, particularly when seated, tho' I experimented with different types of material. The straps did not hold the brace in place as had been hoped for and was absolutely necessary due, I was told, to my rather slender build as I had no "pot" to help in holding it down. My health and the condition of my back deteriorated to such a degree that my doctor, an orthopedic surgeon became quite alarmed and suggested a consultation with a nationally known specialists and an appointment was made for me to go thru his clinic for a complete examination

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and his recommendations. I spent three days under x-rays, tests and close check-ups and was told that the next day I would be given his diagnosis and recommendations. My own doctor was to be on hand. Little did I guess what lay ahead of me.

My doctor joined me and we went to the specialist's office for our appointment. I was told in simple layman's language the seriousness of my condition and what restrictions were placed on me. It was also stressed that I must follow with extreme care everything I was told to do to the exact letter otherwise I was doomed to the life of a cripple. I was frightened and impressed and promised to faithfully follow all instructions. I felt so miserable when I had been examined and was in such pain that I would have tried anything. I had complained of my brace at that time and so I asked if I still had to wear it. I was told I would have to wear a "support" but of a different "type" but that it would be far more comfortable and satisfactory than my original. I was asked again if I would promise to follow orders. I visualized a steel or plaster cast but I bravely agreed.

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He then about bowled me over. I was to wear a very tightly laced, wasp-waisted back-lace corset, complete in every way to a woman's model but custom built of course, to my measurements. It was to be fitted with five pairs of heavy garters and I was to discard my socks and wear womens' stockings to which the garters were to be tightly anchored to hold my corset in place firmly and securely. He explained that, due to the nature of my injuries, I had to be tightly laced thru my waist region and I had to be given an old style "straight-front" model as my internal organs had been displaced to some extent and a corset of this type, laced tightly, would not only support my back but would also aid in supporting and holding my internal mechanism in place. I objected to a "woman's" corset and the idea of being gartered to long stockings was not attractive but I was told that I had no other alternative to make life worth living and so I decided to face the facts. So I agreed never realizing that I was about to enter on an experience which would prove pleasant.

The doctor called a corsetiere from one of the large custom corset companies and

made an appointment for me for the next day. He gave her explicit instructions on what my corset should be and told her I must be laced in from four to five inches. This seemed impossible to me as my old brace had seemed very tight and then I was drawn in only two inches. He also explained that I was to wear womens' hose and that garters were to be furnished on the corset. She asked to speak to me and requested that I bring a pair of stockings for the fitting in order to secure proper skirt and garter length on my corset.

That afternoon my wife purchased a couple of pair of heavy black silk stockings in my size and length and the next morning I appeared for my first corset fitting. I was laced into a fitting garment and measurements were carefully taken. I was told my corset would arrive in about three weeks and I would be notified. I was then to present myself and she would lace me into it to check the fit and see if any alterations were necessary. I had complained of the "Laced-up" feeling of the fitting garment and she explained I would eventually become used to tight lacing and would enjoy it. From her ap-

pearance she spoke with authority as she was obviously tightly corsetted. One thing she did not tell me was that I had been laced in only three inches and my corset had been ordered to lace me in a full five inches. Apparently she did not want to scare me off. She suggested I wear my old brace strapped to the limit to accustom myself to the sensation of being tight-laced before I actually started my tight corset career. Again, little did I know.

In about three weeks I received a call saying my new corset had arrived and a date was made for my fitting. My wife had, by now, at my doctor's suggestion, disposed of practically all my socks and had purchased a supply of heavy stockings in what shades were available for my use. By so doing she hoped to remove the temptation of going without my corset. I put in my appearance armed again with my hose for my fitting and half-resigned to my life as a corsetted male. If I had known of my first ordeal I am afraid I might have backed out.

The corset was shown to me and I was

appalled. It was very heavily boned with double boning thruout in 1 inch spacing. It was very long and high and I wondered how any human being could stand to be care-fully encased in such a harness. My cor-setiere was very business-like and told me to get ready and put on my stockings and to be sure to tie my shoes as I would probably not be able to complete the job when I was laced. How right she was!

The corset was fitted with heavy laces with two loops, one for the hips and the other for the waist and upper section. She loosened up the lacing by pulling and adjusting and then stretched and pulled to open up the back edges of the lacing section. She showed me how to clasp the corset around me and get it set on my body. It extended almost from my armpits and just under my shoulder blades with a very high bust in front to well down over and under the buttocks. The skirt of course came well down in front and over the side of the hips. She then fastened my back and side garters firmly to my stockings and then pulled the waist lacing loops firmly to anchor the corset to my body. I was told to

fasten my four front garters, two per stock-ing, and when this was completed she told me I was now ready for my first real lacing.

Never shall I forget that first experi-ence of being laced. She laced up the lower part of the corset very firmly and tightly over the hips and then started to lace my waist. She made me extend and stretch my body upward and with every attempt on my part she pulled the laces tighter and tighter. Finally after a great deal of strenuous pulling and by cross-ing over the loops tightly in a bow and there I was with my wasp waist. She stood back to admire her handiwork and assured me that I was "perfectly corsetted". She then mea-sured me and my uncorsetted waist of 34 inches was laced to a neat 29 inches over my corset.

She asked me how I felt and I replied that I felt practically cut in two and that I had difficulty in breathing. She told me I would get used to being tight-laced if I persevered for the first month altho' she admitted I would have some discomfort. She also told me that I would come to enjoy the sensation of continuous tight corsetting and predicted

that eventually I would lace to 25 inches or 26 inches. This seemed ridiculous to me as I stood there carefully encased in what felt like a steel vise. I did not yet know how much I had to learn or how much pleasure and stimulation I could look forward to. To me it seemed unbearable tho' I was determined to stick it out in the face of my failing health and all around condition. She assured me that I would learn to breathe with my upper chest, as all tight-lacers must do, and that eventually my breathlessness would disappear unless I attempted to run or engage in heavy exercise or labor. I couldn't imagine even making such an attempt while laced into my new harness.

Even then I noticed that, tho' my tightly laced body was under a bit of torture, I had a feeling of a rather pleasant discomfort. My posture seemed better and my back was wonderfully supported by the tightly drawn lacing from my shoulder blades to under my hips. My abdomen was pulled back so I had an exaggerated straight-front. I was straight as a board without any bulges of any kind. My whole body felt stiffly upright and rigid.

As I stood there, under her inspection, with my waist laced in five inches, my hips corsetted firmly and my ten garters drawn and anchored to a firm tautness, I made a solemn vow to wear my tight corset, laced to the limit, for at least six months to learn if my condition would improve and the fear and horror of a life in a wheel-chair could be forgotten.

After looking me over carefully some more she again told me that I was "Beautifully corsetted" and no alterations were necessary. She then asked me to sit down to check on fit and feel when seated in my corset. I found one has to sit rather stiffly when one is tight-laced and corsetted in an inflexible and heavily boned garment. One does not exactly "slump". My garters yanked and pulled on my hose as I was seated and my legs felt as tho' they were encased in firm bandaging, particularly at the knees. My corset had been made to come well down over the hips, my back and side garters did their work and I discovered I was "sitting" in my corset--a point made important by the orthopedic specialist--to help in "anchoring" my corset.





After I had finally gotten seated, with my body held rigidly upright, I discovered that I need have no fear of any "riding up" as the length, plus my corset skirt on the sides and front plus the firm anchorage of my side and back garters held my corset as firmly as tho' it had been sewn to my skin. I noticed, too, that my elaborate system of gartering, in spite of the pulling and tugging on my hose, was much more comfortable and effective than my old perineal straps. Gone was the chafing and irritation which they had always caused and which at times reached the point of agony. True I still had difficulty in breathing, my corset felt very tight and stiff and I was not exactly comfortable, but I did notice a feeling of better support and comfort as far as my back was concerned plus again a pleasant feeling of uplift and well being in spite of everything. I did tho' wonder how long I could remain laced the first day without relaxation of the laces before time to remove my corset and retire for the night.

Again my corsetiere decided no alterations were necessary and my corset fitted

under all conditions. I started to dress and discovered that over-shoes present a bit of a problem to put on to a tightly corsetted person. I found that I could not bend my knees too much nor could I bend over, not only because of the stiffness of my "prison" but also my garters took charge and put a stop to any ideas of effortless freedom on my part. With her coaching I finally made it. She assured me that I would get over some of the stiffness and awkwardness tho' she warned me that I would always be conscious of my tight lacing and taut gartering. When I left and tried to slither under the wheel of my car I again discovered that a tight-lacer has a problem or two. I made it and sitting very erect drove off. My thoughts were completely confused. One minute I thought I couldn't stand the laced up feeling for another second and the next instant I would remember the doctor's warnings and instructions and the bleak outlook of my life if I failed to obey. Obviously there was only one thing to do and that was to persevere and live out the rest of my life as a tightly corsetted male.

I had decided to forgo any work the rest

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of the day at the suggestion of my corsetiere who suggested that by going home and loafing I might be able to better adjust my body to its wasp-waisted vise.

Upon reaching home I went upstairs and disrobed down to my corset and stockings. I called to my wife to come up and look at her husband and his new "figure". I had been afraid that she would make fun of me but far from it for I learned later that my doctor had had a long talk with her on the seriousness of my condition and she had promised that she would make it her duty to lace me up every morning and would see that I did not unlace until I was ready to retire at night. She was very enthusiastic about my corset and what it did for me. She insisted that it gave me much better posture and better all around support. She was quite right as my old brace had done nothing and I had developed a noticeable slump.

I stuck it out in my corset for the rest of the day, changing my position from time to time and always sitting in a straight-backed chair. Tight-lacers never find some of the comfortable modern furniture exactly "com-

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fortable" particularly when they are molded into long heavy corsets which permit no bending of the body. At times I wanted to unlace even for a few minutes, but my wife was insistent and between her encouragement and my own solemn resolve, I managed to stick it out. At times it seemed I was in torture but again I would have the strange feeling of pleasant discomfort along with it. I noticed my breathing was a bit easier and discovered that I was beginning to breathe a bit with my upper chest. My corset had been laced so that the top was slightly open so that the lacing formed a slight inverted "V" to the waist-line. From there to the bottom of the corset the edges met firmly.

I ate a light lunch for I felt I couldn't eat and have room to breathe but at dinner I was ravenous and ate a heavy meal. I had some discomfort from the extreme tightness but this feeling soon passed away and I was fairly comfortable until bed-time. I did step up my regular hour of retiring a bit to give my body some respite from its tight confinement. My wife untied my laces and unlaced me and helped me unfasten my garters. It seemed

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as tho' my waist and my whole torso gave a sigh of relief as the laces were loosened and my corset burst open. I opened the corset wide after removing it and bung it over the back of a chair as I had been instructed to do so that it's lines would be maintained. My body was ridged with lines from the boning and my waist was a deep pink from the pressure it had undergone. I was pretty proud of myself in sticking out my first day as a tight-lacer. I noticed I didn't have the nagging pain in my back nor the sharp and at times agonising pains running down my legs. I went to bed and fell into a deep, healthy sleep for the first time since my accident. My nerves were no longer "jangly" and for once I felt somewhat better. I was "sold" on my corset in spite of it being what I thought was a nuisance.

I awoke the next morning and my first thought was one of dread of having to be laced into my "personal prison". There was nothing else to do and so after my morning ablutions I carefully drew on my stockings and tied my shoes. I loosened up my corset a bit further and clasped it around me making sure the heavy front clasp was fastened properly its

(Cont'd. on Page 46.)







in Jewelry and Make-Up"

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The true connoisseur of fashions considers a woman at her exotique best when she wears proper jewelry to fit the occasion. There is no denying that polished leather boots--containing delightfully sparkling eyelets running all the way up to the thighs--certainly brings out the best in a woman. The sound of convincing, determined boot-steps adds dignity and due respect to an exotique woman. When footsteps are accompanied by jangling jewelry sounds. . . it adds a musical touch. We present some advance previews of the latest fashions in jewelry. . . and highly recommend these items for the ladies who want to appear at their best.

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Earrings--for pierced ears and no substitutes accepted--should be more than steel hoops passed through the pierced flesh of the ear lobes. Shiny steel circles, with just the slightest opening to permit entry and reluctant exit, should have little leather tassels dangling from the rim. When worn, these earrings should be decorated with silken ribbons. A pair of pierced ears are attractive when the head is moved back and forth and silken ribbons fluff with each motion. Are the piercings too small to admit thicker earrings? This is a problem that is solved with patience. Attach several heavy metal weights to the rings--of course, the steel rings must be forced right through the holes no matter how small they are--and wear the weighted earrings for several days. You'll find that the slight stretching will give you attractive ears. The lobes pull down somewhat and you'll discover a gaping hole when the rings are removed. But no matter--it only means that you'll now be able to wear rings as thick as they come.

If you have thick, billowing waves of hair that should be held in place, then attach

a curved, bone comb with little hooks, to each of the earrings from behind. Then you press your comb into your hair. . . feeling safe and secure that it can't get lost if it slips out. The comb is attached at either end to the earrings that are passed through the lobes of your ears. If you want to brush your hair, just slip the comb down and it lands on the rear of your neck, fastened to the earrings, of course.

Many a husband gently reminds his wife that her hair needs to be combed by sneaking up behind when she is busy doing housework, etc., and slipping the comb down and tugging gently. This tugs her ear lobes and reminds her that personal neatness is very important.

Nose rings? These are coming quite into fashion. A tiny hole is pierced through the nostrils and a ring is passed through. Tiny little bells attached to the ring adds a musical note. The woman who wants her husband to pay attention to her during breakfast when so many men are buried in their morning newspapers, need only wear a nose ring

and shake her head back and forth to bring out sounds of tinkling bells. For a truly exquisite and fashionable addition, use a leather lace (about 18 inches long) looped through the nose ring and then through the pierced earrings and make one large pair of reins. . . similar to those used to guide horses. This is very practical during a family parlor game. One friend of mine said they had lots of fun during parlor games by hiding an object. . . perhaps a soft, bedroom slipper. . . and merely tugging at the wife's sparkling nose ring gave a hint as to the direction in which she should go. His wife wore this leather lace and one tug--which indicated the direction--could not make any mistakes. Why? Because one tug, yanked her nose and both ear lobes right in the proper path to the hidden bedroom slipper and she won the game.

Some prefer using tiny slivers of steel or polished brass to be inserted through nose and ear and the balance of the ring could be soft leather or even knitted lace. To add some interest to nose rings, one enterprising wife made a huge leather lace about three yards long! This lace was attached to a nose



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ring in front. Then the bugle lace was tossed over her shoulders and dangled from behind, although attached to the ring in front. Whenever her husband wanted her attention, he merely reached over, . . . behind her back, . . . and tugged amiably. Even if she was absorbed in reading, the gentle tug would abruptly push her head upward because the nose ring would force her head up, and she would be ready to listen to whatever he had to say.

Attach frilly lacey things to the nose ring to make it fit the occasion. A pink garter strap for bedroom wear is highly recommended. A fluffy blue ribbon is fine for dinner wear. For sleeping, . . . why not an earring and bracelet combination? Yes, . . . ask your husband to wear a thick metal bracelet around his arm and attach the loop of the earring (or nose ring) to the bracelet. Thus, both of you will be as close together as possible. Nothing binds a couple together in marriage as much as a mutual interest and devotion to exquisite jewelry.

Are you bothered by insects in your home? Here is a charming device to wear



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jewelry and become a fly swatter at the same time. A tight slave bracelet around the waist, but make it so tight that it does not move or slip up and down, . . . and attach to the bracelet a series of little leather swatches. Each swatch or strip about two inches long and as narrow and thin as possible. Polished black leather looks attractive. Keep the strips polished mirror-smooth. If you're too busy, give them to your husband and see to it that he polishes each and every leather strand thoroughly. Watch him while he does it. Men don't always like to do housework or cleaning.

These leather strips attached to your bracelet can be wielded whenever a stray insect is seen on furniture or crawling around on the floor. Just lift your wrist and WHACK, the insect is pounded down! And with hardly any effort. Just a flick of the wrist and the leather swatches do a good job in properly teaching those insects who is boss in the house.

I always maintain that a woman's neck should be covered with some sort of jewelry. It adds dignity to her posture and carriage. Often, a thick leather neck-glove which reaches

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from the chin down to the shoulders, can be worn if you're in a hurry. This neck-glove made of thick, wooden-like leather, helps keep your neck straight and erect. This should huckle from behind and you require your husband's assistance to either put on or take off. The entire neck is covered with this necklace or neck-glove. You can move your head from one side to the other. But looking downward requires effort. It's quite amusing at times to want to see what your husband is doing below the range of your vision. . . which is usually shoulder-length. You can look up, but not down.

Care to add a little old-fashioned mystery to your jewelry collection? Remember how fans used to be so popular? Why not a leather fan? Yes. . . you attach a series of bone ribs together, looping them at the bottom with a polished steel rib. Wrap each rib in soft leather. And presto--you have a leather fan. Are you forgetful and afraid you will lose the fan? Then stop worrying. Just attach the steel rib which loops together all the leather strips, to the nose ring you should wear on all occasions. How can

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you lose a heavy leather fen if it is attached to your nose?

A matching pair of bracelets and necklace have just been devised. These pairs come in all sorts of materials--leather, soft silk--most often, bone or steel. The arms are covered by one long series of twisting and winding steel. Just like a twisting serpent that starts winding around your arm from your wrist right up to your shoulders. One long strand is most important. And around your neck is a similar creation--a long strand of steel twisted to fit the contours of your lovely soft neck. These bracelets and necklaces should be as tight as possible. The beauty is that while moving your arms and neck, the strands tighten into the flesh. The flesh that peeks through the slats then bulges and blends in together with the tightening steel, adding a beauty of fashion that you'll never be able to duplicate with other jewelry.

For the woman who can't remember to keep her shoulders straight, the above jewelry can be improved. Slip hasps or loops through one end of each long shoulder-length steel

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bracelet. Attach the bracelet to the pierced nose ring with tight leather laces. Perhaps, even add an attachment to the ear lobes if the pressure of movement isn't too heavy for the soft flesh of the ears. Then, since you want to keep your head high, you'll be forcing your shoulders upward, too, because the nose end shoulders and ear are all looped together in sparkling jewelry and leather.

Incidentally, if any men enjoy wearing the latest of jewelry, they can wear the above in the privacy of their homes. Ask your wife to help you fasten your jewelry properly and in place. Nothing is so unpleasant as sloppy jewelry and no wife (or husband) should tolerate such carelessness. Again and again, the husband should be made to walk around the house in full regalia, until the wife is completely satisfied that he had everything on in the proper fit and style.

Makeup adds a little color and attractiveness. Rouged cheeks are important but they stand out so much in contrast to a white face. One husband protested because his wife had two flame-red patches on each cheek

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while the rest of her was powder, starch white. To demonstrate how it should really look, he used his own face as an example. Dipping into the rouge pot, he made over his entire face. But his neck was too white. So, he rouged his neck. His arms were starkly white. His wife became disgusted. She insisted that his entire body be made boiling red so that he would be satisfied. He was reluctant but she insisted and since it was his idea in the first place, he couldn't back out.

She used huge powder puffs dipped in red rouge and covered him from head to toe in flaming red. He was most patient as she ran the soft puff over his entire body. The effect was a little bizarre but it was so attractive, she insisted he walk around the house, thusly made-up. As for some sort of covering, she fashioned a pair of tiny leather panties. . .beneath which were thigh bells!! Did you ever hear of thigh bells jewelry? Then permit me to share this most exquisite bit of jewelry that comes from the exotic South Seas. Thigh bracelets, very thick, are worn around the upper thighs. The inner

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portion of these bracelets, contain protruding little bells. As you walk, both thighs naturally come together. The bells clash with one another. . .giving out a pleasant melody. It reminds the wife where the husband is walking. He must move one thigh against the other while moving or even while sitting and shifting a position. . .this is highly recommended when a husband wants to know where his wife is in the house at all times and he considers it bad manners to yell to find out her location. And, of course, when a wife wants her husband to be around to do various household chores, these thigh bells prevent his trying to sneak off.

Slashes of lipstick from one side of the face to the other adds a mysterious touch. Deep, red gashes looking like livid scars, running in a horizontal style is very fashionable. Paint the spaces between with charming blue tint or other rainbow-hued colors.

Do you have an off-the-shoulder gown that reveals a bare back? Run an eyebrow pencil from one shoulder to the other. . .all

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the way down. This criss-cross pattern can be repeated along the chest of the woman, . . . if she had a deep cleavage, dig the pencil deep into the soft flesh of the breasts to make certain it does not rub off so easily. It looks interesting to appear at a dinner or social gathering, to have a series of these criss-cross patterns running around the entire length of your body.

If you really want to be safe and not sorry should the lines fade off, . . . here is a tip to insure their permanency. A thin leather strap should be thoroughly covered with thick lipstick. (Make the application very thick.) Have your husband encircle your shoulders with the strap and tighten it securely. A few moments and when he removes the strap--behold--an attractive red line running down your back and even in front. Repeat the pattern from shoulders down to as far as you desire, leaving one inch of white space between red imprints. A high note in fashion is to count the amount of red and white lines in advance. Then, each time your husband lays the lipstick-soaked leather around your supple body, count out loud until the desired number

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of strokes and impressions has been reached. Be careful not to lose count because then, he'll have to begin all over again. Accuracy is very important. And if you men are jealous you can wear these series of red criss-cross patterns on your own body. Just ask your wife to apply the leather and you'll be astonished at how interesting it looks.

A tattoo is not often practical. So . . . have the leather carved into all sorts of designs and shapes. And then, these same patterns and exotic designs will be repeated deep into your skin when the lipstick-soaked leather is applied. Some have suggested letting the lipstick dry on the leather strips. Then, heat the strips by holding in bubbling hot water. A hot leather strip gives a more permanent red impression when it is applied to the area where makeup is desired. The man who wants to have tattoos but feels that it is monotonous to have a permanent tattoo, can now have variety with a co-operative wife who is willing to apply these strips which have different designs. She can give him any variety of shapes and designs with lipstick-soaked leather, almost anywhere that he de-

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sires to have a temporary tattoo made of lipstick.

A final tip on jewelry. For a wasp-like effect, wear a belt made of polished silver. The belt should tighten in the back--right in the small of the back--by means of a revolving handle similar to those vises used in workshops. Just keep turning tighter and tighter until the waist is made into a nice narrow shape. Have your husband help you turn the handle. And just buckle the handle in the belt and presto--a silvery belt.

More advice on correct jewelry will be given in future issues of Exotique.

THE END . .





(CONT'd. from Pg. 22.)

full length. I then fastened my back and side garters firmly to my stockings tho' I must admit I fumbled a bit. I gave my waist-line lacing loops a firm yank to anchor the corset as I had been instructed to do, fastened my four front garters tightly and again I was ready to be laced. My wife had left the room so I thought I would try to lace myself. I learned that there is an art to lacing up a long, heavy back-lace corset and after a few fumbling attempts, during which I became all thumbs, I gave up and called to my wife to come and lace me. She seemed to know more about the art of lacing than I did tho' she had never worn a lacing corset herself. She laced up my hips and the lower part of the corset with the lower loops and tied them securely and then started on my waist and the top half of the long lacing space. She laced me and laced me as I stretched my arms upward and attempted to "pull" my body up and out of the corset. Finally the waist-line edges almost met and by crossing over the loops and by exerting all her strength she drew them together leaving me again a small inverted "V" from the top to the waist. She tied my laces very tightly in a double knot to prevent

them from slipping and to discourage me in loosening them during the day. I was laced for the day. I learned later that she had visited my corsetiere to learn some of the fine points of lacing me up and I must confess she was an apt pupil. I had, of course, a laced in feeling, my corset was very tight and very stiff and my garters tugged and pulled with every step but I noticed again a sensation of pleasure and satisfaction and support in spite of the discomfort.

Suffice it to say I was laced to the limit every morning and remained laced until I retired at night. Each day seemed to go a bit easier than the day before and altho' I was always conscious of being tightly corseted and harnessed, at the end of three months I had become a habitual tight-lacer and was looking forward to a new corset and tighter lacing. My health had improved to an amazing degree, my back no longer pained me, my doctor was delighted and a life in very tight corsets was now a pleasure and dismal ordeal. I finally learned to lace myself in the morning tho' as a rule my wife insisted on lacing me



and she became an expert at the job. She seemed to feel I would not cheat if she laced me and every evening she checked on the lacing to see if I had relaxed them during the day. Of course, I could not bend or stoop as I had done in my corset-less days and my heavy garters tugged at me sharply if I tried to take too long or too high a step as tho' to remind me that my days of unfettered freedom were over. I could not run or move about too fast without becoming a bit breathless but this actually was a blessing as it made me adhere to the instructions of no violent exercise or work. I had to have the waist-band of my trousers taken in five inches to fit my corsetted waist. At first I was extremely self-conscious of my wasp-waist but by fluffing out my shirt over my belt it was not too noticeable even without my coat on and I gradually got over it. After all there was nothing I could do about it as long as I had to serve my sentence as a tightly laced male corset-wearer, and I was convinced that, stern as the sentence was, it was worth it when it meant the return of my health and at the same time I could serve out the sentence with pleasure and satisfaction.

I had planned on ordering another corset of the same size and style with a 29 inch waist so I could alternate each and thus get longer life from both. My corsetiere had told me too that it was wise to have two corsets so that at times a change could be made toward the end of the day to relieve "corset fatigue" which all tight-lacers undergo occasionally even tho' both corsets exert the same degree of tightness and confinement. I decided, however, that rather than order the same size that I would order two models which would permit me to lace very tightly and would give me more of a wasp waist than I now enjoyed. I felt that tight lacing had helped me greatly, I enjoyed the sensation and support, and so I felt I was ready for even more stringent confinement. I made an appointment with my corsetiere and after some discussion it was decided to order two new corsets with 27 inch waists, a reduction of two inches, but with heavy boning every 3/4 inch spacing as I had become dependent on and enjoyed the very stiff and rigid support of a heavily boned garment. The corsets were ordered and she was to let me know as she insisted she wanted to

lace me into them to again check proper fitting.

Before I left her house she reminded me of her prophecy that I would eventually enjoy being tight-laced if I persevered, and that I would be desirous of being laced even tighter. I frankly had forgotten for at the time when I was first laced it seemed ridiculous. She apparently knew more about the art of lacing and how people re-acted than I. She told me that she believed that I could be laced into my 27 inch "equator" within a couple of weeks of application of my new corsets. She told me too that the very tight lacing I desired would be easier if I remained laced up at night, using my present 29 inch model for that purpose. I thought I would experiment that night which I did and found it most enjoyable and from that day to this I am never unlaced except to bathe or change corsets in the morning or evening. I found I did not, of course, have to wear my stockings to bed as there was very little tendency to ride up on the part of the corset.

My two new 27 inch corsets arrived in

about three weeks and I was notified of an appointment for my fitting. She laced me and after some minutes and some effort on her part it was found that the edges at the waist did not quite meet but I was laced to 27-1/2 inches again over my corset. I enjoyed the sensation of being extremely laced and I wore it until bed time tho' I must admit I felt I was very tightly corsetted and very stiff in my new "encumbrance". The pleasant and strange up-lifted feeling was now always present in spite of the slight discomfort which I did not particularly mind and which I knew would eventually disappear. Being laced all night in my old and what now seemed almost a "loose" corset helped somewhat for my morning lacing into my new and smaller model, a task again done up to perfection by my wife. Within a week my waist was encased in its 27 inch mold with the corset edges meeting firmly. I will admit that the extreme tightness was a bit irksome at times but I persevered and at the end of three weeks my body had adapted itself to its really hour-glass proportions. I learned to eat a bit more lightly which was a good thing in itself and I noticed my breathing no longer

bothered me as I had by now learned to really breathe with my upper chest instead of straining with abdominal breathing against the tight prison around my waist. I felt even better physically in my very tight corsets and I had almost forgotten I had a badly injured back. I enjoyed the sensation of being very tightly and very stiffly corsetted almost to the point of ecstasy. When I found it necessary to stoop or bend I must admit that at times I rebelled a bit as my stiff, tight corset held me helpless in its grip and did a real job of preventing freedom of movement but this feeling passed quickly and I was quite content. I did notice that, with my very waspish waist, my hips and torso tended to sway and "wiggle" a bit when I walked as the narrow isthmus of my waist tried to hold them together but this was not too noticeable to others and I soon forgot about it. My corsetiere told me this occurred with very tightly laced persons and could not be prevented and I would have to accept it. She spoke from experience as her hips swayed from side to side below her own tightly corsetted waist.

I wore my new 27 inch corsets regularly

for six months, always laced to the limit and alternating them every day to preserve them. My 29 inch I wore at night on retiring. I enjoyed my extra tight corsets more than my old and also noticed a gradual improvement in my health to almost the degree it was before my accident. All this in a little over seven months. It seemed incredible. It seemed incredible too that I could stand to have my waist laced from 34 inches to a neat 27 inches over my corset and really enjoy the sensation of being so very tightly corsetted at all times. I had read articles on tight lacing and corset wearing in which women, at the turn of the century, had, by perseverance, achieved a corsetted waist reduction of anywhere from six to nine inches and it seemed ridiculous and impossible and yet here I was with a reduction of seven inches and enjoying it and looking forward to even tighter lacing. My waist, tho' laced constantly, was not reduced in its uncorsetted dimension to any great degree but remained just under 34 inches.

My corsets, tho' very well made and expensive, were now, after six months, beginning to show some signs of wear and tear. Naturally they could not be expected to stand up too long

under the extreme and incessant tightness. I again visited my corsetiere and we agreed on two new double strength corsets with boning almost every 1/2 inch spacing in place of 3/4 inch and with real honest-to-goodness wasp waists of 25 inches. The same procedure was gone through on arrival of my order. My corsetiere laced me to the limit of her strength but 26 inches was all she could achieve and it was agreed that it might take several weeks of very extreme lacing to make the edges meet. I was a trifle uneasy for the first three days altho' in no pain but merely a bit unpleasant and confining but still accompanied at times with the same sense of pleasure and well-being. I discarded my old 29 inch corset for night use and slept in one of my 27 inch models and with this procedure my wife was able to lace me to 25 inches and my corset edges met.

I will admit that my 25 inch corsets are very, very tight and stiff and I am never free from a constricted and harnessed and gartered feeling but I am now very well adjusted to my tightly laced life. I feel so much improvement in my health plus the strange

ecstasy which tight lacing brings to those who really persevere that I would not go uncorsetted if I could do so which my doctor says must not and cannot ever be. In these extra small corsets which I have worn and reordered several times in the last four years, I find that my hips and torso do away and wiggle quite a bit and I have found no way to counteract this involuntary motion. My corsetiere feels that I will eventually lace to 22 inches or 23 inches but I doubt it tho' I am now anxious to lace a bit tighter and when I reorder I may try a reduction of from one to two inches. My corsetted figure is a perfect hour-glass encased in its vise and rigid mold of heavy cloth and severe steel boning, but I am happy, contented, and well man. No wonder I look forward to a life of very tight corsetting, rigid support and firm, tightly drawn gartering.

I thought I would give my strange experiences for the interest and education of others, who, are either veteran tight-lacers or neophytes who are contemplating lacing, either thru desire or necessity. I would suggest that if you are going to start to lace that

you wear a high, long, heavily boned back-lace corset made by a reputable manufacturer or a custom corsetiere. Lace tightly to start, with a minimum reduction of four inches. You may want to give up the first few days but stick to it. Soon your body and muscles will adjust and adapt themselves and it won't be too long before you will be enjoying the sensation of being tightly laced which all inveterate tight-lacers eventually acquire and soon you will be desirous of lacing even tighter. I also recommend heavy garters and long stockings for even male addicts. No one can tell you are gartered and wearing long hose and this is the most satisfactory and most comfortable method of holding your corset in place. I would suggest a minimum of eight garters, with ten preferably, but be sure to measure correctly with your top of your stocking to assure a firmly drawn tautness.

I personally think that tight lacing, even to the extreme as in my own case, never harmed any one if the tightness is gradual and one perseveres. Some tight lacers prefer to sleep in corsets, generally a size larger than those worn during the day, altho' I understand many

prefer to be unlaced during the night. Personally I prefer to be laced constantly. My injury may account for that. In most cases it would not be necessary unless the lacer wanted to achieve a wasp waist in an unusually short time. Certainly extreme lacing has brought new life and hope to me with pleasure, happiness and above all good health or rather, in my case, a return of it.

THE END . . .













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# Exotique

THE BIZARRE  
and THE UNUSUAL

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